

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1912.

Kate Carew Fell Into Line and Marched—Oh, Miles—Seeking a Vote

She Was There with Her Little Notebook, Too, and Took Advantage of the Occasion to Get a Sort of Silent, Peripatetic Interview with Thousands on the Woman Suffrage Question.

I INTERVIEWED the public the other day. Saturday, May 4, to be exact. The interview was not conducted along the usual lines. Question and answer were given, for the most part, silently, but the result was quite satisfactory, and considerable light was thrown on a problem of great popular interest.

A saffron slip, received in answer to my acceptance of the invitation to march, stated that I must go to East 9th street, where the division to which I was assigned was to form.

The little paper seemed to breathe a protest against the statement that women haven't the qualities that prove a power of organization. Between the lines I read: "If you're not there we

or laughing. Keep step. Obey your marshal.

"Remember you are marching for a principle."

Rather to the point, that—yes? Seems so to your Aunt Kate.

There was a flurry of anticipation in my modest establishment for days beforehand; my usual nonchalant mien was disturbed by many harassing queries.

A FRIGHTFUL POSSIBILITY.

It's a long pull from Washington Square to Carnegie Hall. Supposing my nose got shiny about 34th street—sure to if it be a warm day—what should I do?

I rehearsed the situation with a handkerchief held carelessly, as if to brush off a speck of dust, and after repeated efforts became very expert in applying powder from the inside of a monogrammed square.

Supposing I wanted to lean midway of the route. On what should I lean? It would give a certain awkwardness to the appearance of the procession if I should rest on a nearby shoulder and others should follow my example. Remember, you are to march for a principle, said I, when this weakening temptation assailed me.

I practised with an umbrella, marching, countermarching, pivoting, pacing, wheeling and forming hollow squares. I finally decided it would be in the way. I prepared several sandwiches. I borrowed a first aid equipment. I hunted and found my metal St. Anthony, which I always take for luck. I selected two perfectly good handkerchiefs, one to wave, one to use. I sewed elastic bands on the only low-heeled shoes I possessed. I pinned my puffs, oh, so securely!

NO PUFF STORM FOR HER.

It seemed to me that the committee which had prepared the saffron slips should have intimated that special care must be given these articles. What a subject for derision if we scattered puffs along the way, as little Hop o' My Thumb, in the fairy tale, scattered bits of paper to find his way back.

But, of course, a committee can't think of everything.

I trimmed my 30-cent hat three times. First I put the trimming at the left, then the awful thought obsessed, suppose an unobservant marshal placed me on the right side of the line, the trimming wouldn't show. I altered it and the same question confronted me again. I finally compromised by placing it directly in the front. It looked like 30 cents.

I was quite in the spirit of the occasion by this time, but awfully tired. I had never imagined that marching for a principle was such a strenuous affair.

After I had arranged all the articles on the top of the stationary washtubs it occurred to me that they had a sort of nouveau riche air. To carry them all, I discovered, it would be necessary to have a dress suit case, and as I should be the only one there with such an equipment I might be unduly conspicuous.

With one of my quick, inspirational flashes I decided that I would not take any of them. I would start right off and fall in line with that practised air of the world that marks the cosmopolite



A WISE VIRGIN.

shall go without you. It is obligatory that we show we can be punctual. Dress as for a garden party, but be prepared for war."

The exact reading of the slip was:

"Date, Saturday, May 4, rain or shine.

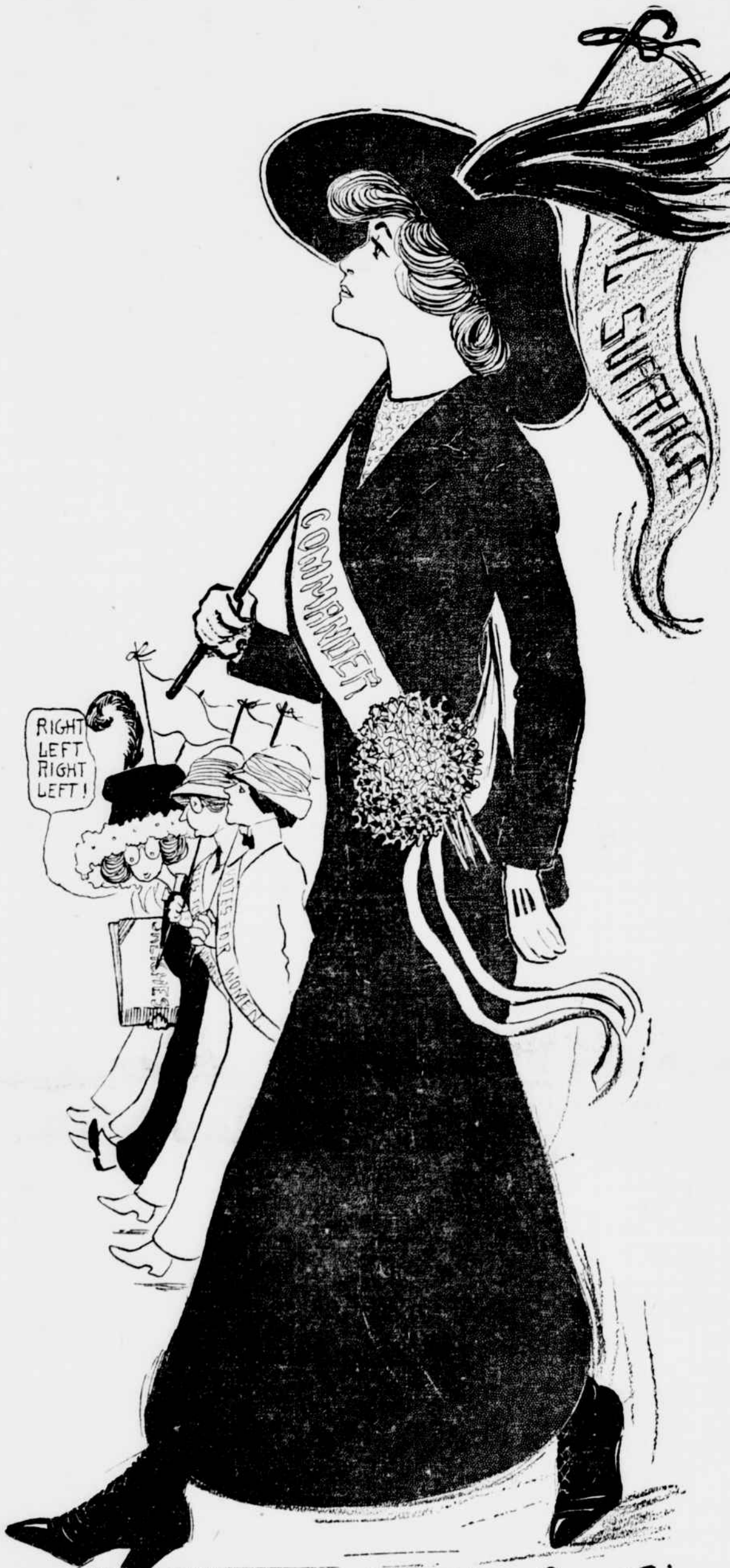
"Formation: The section to which you belong forms at 9th street, east of Fifth avenue, at 4 p. m. Division E.

"Hour: Head of parade starts Washington Square at 5 p. m. sharp.

"Line of march: Up Fifth avenue to 5th street to Carnegie Hall.

"Dress: If possible, white or light dress. Small special hat for sale at Wanamaker's (not obligatory). Low-heeled boots.

"Bearing: Head erect. Shoulders back. Eyes to the front. No talking



Kate Carew

"REMEMBER, YOU ARE MARCHING FOR A PRINCIPLE."

—equally at home at a Newport function, an East Side christening or a street parade.

I took a final twirl on the kitchen chair to see that all was taut and trim and sallied forth.

Queen Victoria used to have such wonderful weather for her out-of-door functions that "Queen's Weather" has passed into the vernacular. Seems to me that we might add "suffrage weather" to our vocabulary.

The day was simply perfect. As I waited for the car groups of hurrying people passed, rushing toward a desired vantage point. Snowdrifts of white gowns flurried in the air a moment, then were gone, disappearing about corners.

The conductor, noting my plucky dress, helped me on the car with much solicitude. "Great changes ahead," I chirped to myself, noting his polite manner.

ENTER THE TYPICAL JEERER.

There were several marchers-to-be inside. If you had not been able to tell them by their costumes you would by the eager, alert faces. Among them sat a typical Jeerer. His chin, with its short, stubby beard, his lax muscles, his pessimistic lines of face and shoulders were a distinct protest. He breathed derision. He came, apparently, of a line of women who did not ask questions and did as they were told. He was awfully peeved at the situation, which he didn't seem able to control, and he could not get an answering wink of irony from any of the other men in the car. That made it worse.

A group of splendid young women got on board.

My, but they were a bit of all right! Fine athletic build, lovely color, swagger clothes, gentle manners. One of them, a blonde with brilliant brown eyes, stood right in front of Jeerer—a flower of American womanhood.

Jeerer got up and offered her his seat.

She took it, as a matter of course. A willing strap hanger Jeerer stood, doing a tremendous lot of thinking. I wouldn't be surprised if another year instead of a thousand men in the suffrage parade there were a thousand and one.

At Grace Church the vesper bells were ringing merrily.

Quite-or-the-dox! Quite-or-the-dox! they seemed to say, and everybody fell into step to the churchly approval.

Village cutups, smart alecks, East Side hoodlums punctuated the forming with their silly, witless remarks:

Back to the wash tub!

Couldn't cook an egg!

Who takes care of the children?

"If they'd only be funny," I said to myself, but the coarse, vulgar commentaries without point or pith. I felt as if I would like to stop and chastise them all, then realized that the world would do it for me. Occasionally they made a rowdyish rush toward the half-formed lines, but they were quickly suppressed.

AND THE PEDLERS, TOO.

Pedlers with banners of the suffrage colors, each with its "Votes for Women," and fakers barking their wares added their units of energy to the scene. One of this latter class who tried to sell me a circle of tissue paper which, when you pulled it along the sidewalk with a string, turned into convolutions of purple, green and white, had a jovial face, and said: "If I had my way I'd give 'em the vote, mhm."

As I stood hesitating I heard one woman remark:

"I was going to be an artist, but I guess I'll be an editor."

Rather good, that!

I might have hesitated longer if I had not caught sight of the marshal of the Writers' Division. Across her smart, black tailor made coat the purple band of rank was deftly caught by a big

bunch of violets. Her suffrage hat was most becoming; her patent leather flat heels and her white gloves stitched with black made an ensemble which was very satisfying to my aesthetic eye. My last quiver of dismay vanished at sight of her perfect poise. I can quite understand now how some commanders lead their men to a forlorn hope.

It is the women like her who have induced other women to wear 30-cent hats.

THIS ONE CHANGED HER MIND.

An undecided Friend joined me. She greeted me with: "Oh, I wouldn't march for anything. I haven't the courage. I just wanted to see the start off."

At Carnegie Hall, shoulders well back, a flush of gratified pride on her face, she was still marching.

Another friend, an Experienced Suffragette, flanked the other side.

She was awfully yawn-y; said she thought woman suffrage terribly old-fashioned, but as she hadn't anything else to do thought she'd come along.

A Housekeeper remarked: "Splendid for the circulation, girls. Last year I went home after the parade and started in the spring cleaning."

Two nice English girls on my line, who had marched in several London parades, inquired nonchalantly:

"Will there be many rotten eggs?"

My roving eye caught the timid face in the glance of a neighbor, who turned out to be a young mother of my acquaintance. People, you know, simply can't resist my look of sympathy, and the first I knew she was confessing:

"Oh, I am so afraid. I don't believe I can do it." There were tears in her eyes.

"They say as soon as you hear the music you won't think about yourself at all," I encouraged.

She looked relieved and stopped crying. "You see, it's for Son. It's a responsibility bringing him up all alone.

On, Ever on, While Grace Church Chimed Approval, Between Rows of Snorting Cameras, and All the Time, with Professional Instinct, She Was Adding to Her Collection of "Types."

Some day he's going to ask me questions, and I can't answer them if I stay at home and let life go by me, can I?"

I forgot my own fear quelling her's.

The sentiment of democracy was evident. Women pushed in hats that they had never seen before. Caste and class were ignored. There was just one big, united family.

THEN 'TAS "FORWARD, MARCH!"

Suddenly a tremor passed from line to line. Everybody straightened up to position. The pretty marshal gave the word to start. And the first I knew I was pivoting at the corner of 9th street and Fifth avenue like a West Point cadet.

That was a moment.

For, as we marched from the narrow side street, it was as if we stepped through an open door into a wide, free expanse of beautiful landscape, stretching on and on, lined with helpful, sympathizing faces, far into an unseen distance where there were music, sunlight and exquisite colors.

It was very symbolic and very inspiring.

On and on and on! Little eddies of disturbing hoodlums forced the procession into narrow spaces at congested centres, but order was soon restored, and between times I noticed that the policemen were taking the affair very peacefully. Their whole attitude seemed to say:

"It's the women marching. Nothing's going to hurt 'em." I actually saw one bluecoat, his cotton gloved hands crossed, his eyes closed, taking a little catnap, right on the line of march.

KNEW THERE WAS NO PERIL.

They apparently knew pretty well that there wasn't a man in the enormous crowd, spreading a solid mass from start to finish, who was going to throw a stone, a rotten egg or an abusive word.

And I think that is a tribute to both sexes!

After a few blocks the overpowering spectacle resolved itself into detail.

A unit, insignificant yet significant, I lost all idea of personality. I was but one in a great army. I glanced over my shoulder. Young Mother's face had an inspired look. She was gazing at both sidewalks at the same time, searching for Son. Sophisticated Suffragette murmured: "Isn't it too grand?" The English girls, striding athletically, looked warily for overripe produce. Timid Friend shrieked: "You couldn't push me out of this line!" Four pretty marshals came. Right! Left! Right! Left! Keep your line straight! Nearer the centre! No talking!

Always the rhythm of moving feet, steady, firm, true. The thud, thud, thud of a conquering army, an accompaniment to a song of triumph.

That accompaniment to that song of triumph is ringing in my ears yet.

GOT AN ENSEMBLE VIEW.

As we made the half curve at 23d street, I got my first view of the procession. You can't act in a play and see it, too, you know. I caught glimpses of brilliant colors against gray backgrounds, the baby green of young trees, deep magenta of brick—all the flat tones. Bits of ebon here and there marked the college companies. Yellow and purple pennants flying were like great flocks of hovering butterflies.

I don't see how actors control the impulse to greet friends in the audience. I found myself waving frenzied salutes. A motorcycle cop rushes by. We don't turn our heads, though we wonder if there has been an accident.

Cameras short. What do we care? We are willing to be facially labelled in a Sunday edition.

The sidewalks are a study. From the seething, sweatshop district to the St. Regis Hotel they gradually change—the coming voters of the slums, the finished products of generations of opportunity, all equally interested. It is a kaleidoscope of vibrating life. The silence of

the crowd amazes. It is as if they were struck dumb with surprise.

You differentiate types here and there. A small, pudgy boy, his tiny hands clasped, an optic concealed with a black shade, is impressed as much as his mother, a weak faced degenerate, who wipes her eyes furtively. A Kansas farmer claps his hands ecstatically. A scribbler writes industriously, never looking up. A timid young thing stares at a stalwart chap to whose arm she is clinging. There is an expression which might be translated "Of-course-I-would-not-do-anything-so-unwomanly" on her face. The stalwart chap is gazing in unconcealed admiration at a strong faced, alert young woman in the moving ranks.

Quite symbolic that, too. Windows show tableaux like statuary.



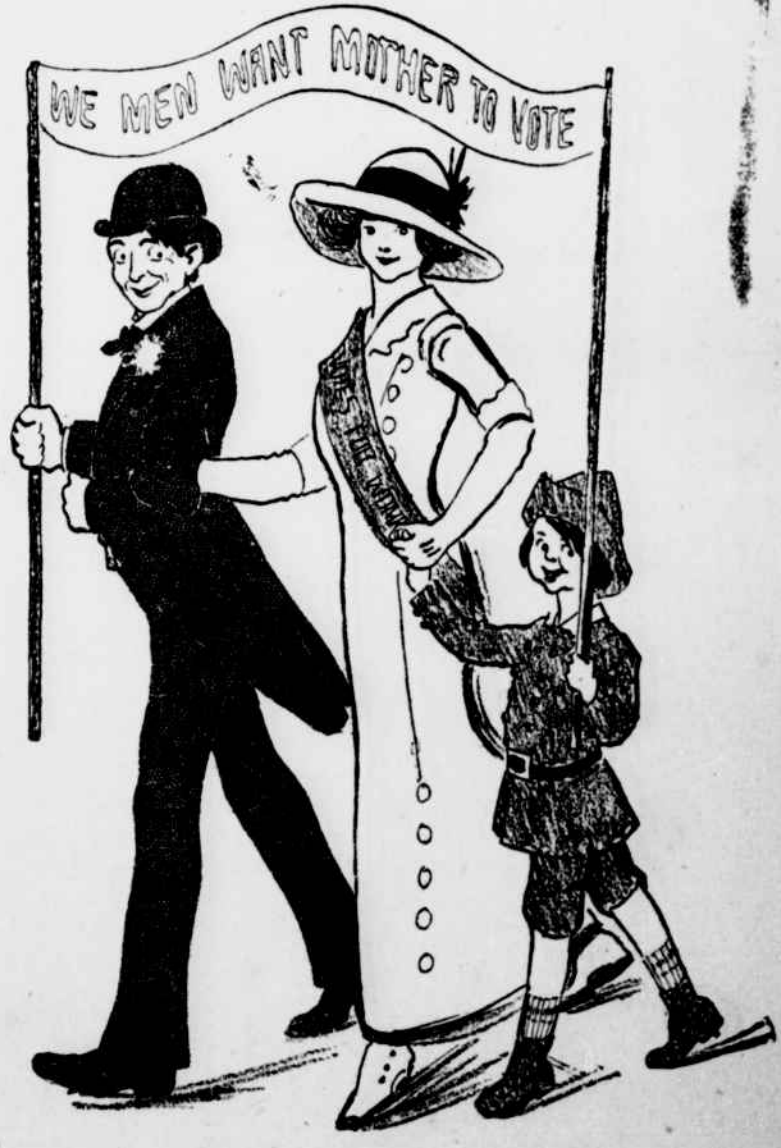
THE JEERERS.

arranged with more or less grace, of men, women and children. At the edge of an oval opening, adorned with sculptured arabesques, a woman's face peers, half timidly. It is like a tiny miniature, hung on a tremendous wall.

In the window of a well known club are a dozen gray haired men, every face an invitation to the brush of an artist. You seem to read in their minds the knowledge that they are passing on representatives of a generation that has had its day. They are looking at the expression of the new era, and there is not one resentful, disapproving, critical glance. Great comprehension and great wonderment, that is all.

That window alone was worth marching to see.

Continued on seventh page.



"THE AMERICAN TRIANGLE."

I TOOK A FINAL TWIRL ON THE KITCHEN CHAIR.